And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word it ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, and then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the ſmall poſterne of a ſmall needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikely wonders: how theſe vaine weake naylea
May teare a paſſage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt, like ſeely beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame,
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there.
And in this thought they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a King,
Then treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing Penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a King;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingde by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraite am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleaſde, till he be eaſde
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare; *Muſicke playes.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how ſowre ſweete Muſicke is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept;
So is it in the muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of eare
To checke Time broke in diſordered ſtring:

But

But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke:
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minuts, and with ſighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
Whereto my Finger like a Dials poynt,
Is poynting ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: ſo ſighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes poſting on in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere his iacke of the Clocke:
This Muſicke maddes me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue holpe madd men to their wits,
In me it ſeemes it will make wiſe men madd.
Yet bleſsing on his heart that giues it me,
For t'is a ſigne of loue: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a Groome of the Stable.

Groome. Haile royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes noble Peare:
The cheapeſt of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how commeſt thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes but that ſad Dogge,
That bringes me food to make misfortune liue?

Groome. I was a poore Groome of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my ſometimes royall maiſters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreetes that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,

How